Naughty or Nice Gift Exchange Drabbles

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Naughty or Nice Gift Exchange Drabbles

by dandelion_wishes

Summary

These are stories I have written for hannigram gift exchange. They gifts can be naughty..like a vibrator..to down right fluffy like a toy stuffed doll. Just fun little stories of our favorite murder husbands.

Notes

Un beta...enjoy

See the end of the work for more notes

Red is Your Color

Red is Your Color

A Sassy Science team gift exchange party with a twist.

Will rubs a hand down his face. Then he rubs harder enjoying the numb feeling. It feels delightful. Maybe too delightful, he may have partaken of the festive punch too much. His smile pulls the corner of his eyes as he chuckles with whatever Beverly is joking about. Jimmy appears out of the back room with a red velvet bag. He is dressed in a elf costume complete with curved toe slippers. Beverly tells her fellow sassy science team member, he looks like the creepy *Elf on a Shelf* toy. The creepy elf waves his hand to gather everyone's attention, the group is small but rowdy with holiday cheer amplified by Zeller's Santa belly jiggle shots.

The empath is glad he has decided to attend the science team's naughty Christmas exchange. All in all, the evening has been fun. The copious amounts of free alcohol had been a very persuasive factor for his attendance, not to mention, Dr Lecter's appearance. Jimmy's face was priceless when the refined psychiatrist arrived bearing naughty gift in hand. The looks exchanged throughout the limited guest list was a mixture of amazement and smugness. The smugness from Alana who had whispered into Will's ear, rather loudly because of inebriated impaired hearing, that she knew he would show up.

"Hannibal would never miss a chance for some entertaining sex toy exchange." she says sloshing her drink, as she leans down from her perch on the arm of the couch. The beverage splashes on Will's pants, he laughs as Margot catches her girlfriend pulling her back into a close embrace. Alana giggles.

"I heard stories throughout my time as a resident about his affairs. He's suppose to be adventurous." She winks at Will smiling. Will feels his face flush but he assures himself it's the alcohol as he downs another shot.

The empath feels a weight dip the couch cushions down from underneath him. He turns his head to find Hannibal sitting close and smiling at Will. The good doctor seems to be so very close indeed. The empath's breath hitches as his eyes meet Hannibal's. In Will's intoxicated state, eye contact is easily held. The empath blinks looking away from the warmth emanating from those blood tinged brown eyes. Or at least Will thinks that's what he sees. Will's attention is drawn back to Jimmy again, as the naughty elf on the shelf bellows..

"Alright! this is how the naughty exchange works. We draw a number and that is when your turn is. When you pick your gift you open it. If you like it, you can keep it. If not you can exchange it with anyone that has already opened a gift. You only get to exchange once and the last person gets the final exchange."

Zeller comes around with a Santa hat filled with slips of paper. Will plucks out his number.

“I have six. What cha got?”

He leans over looking at Hannibal’s number his chin nesting on the doctor’s shoulder. A chuckle is felt through Will’s chin down to his toes.

“I have number seven.”

“You don’t say? Well... I think I need another shot.”

Will makes to get up when he feels a firm hand push him back to the couch.

“I think you have had enough already. I would suggest water.”

“But I don’t want water.”

Will’s lower lip protrudes as he pouts.

Hannibal's smiles as he takes in the swaying profiler. Curls tousled cheeks flushed, lips in a delightful pout as hazel eyes droop in relaxation.Will’s eyelashes kiss his cheeks when he blinks so slowly. Hannibal wants to scoop him up placing him on his lap head nestled on his chest.

“You’ll need to wait. It would be rude to interrupt. We’ve started the exchange.”

Hannibal whispers close to Will’s ear making the man shiver at the heat of his breath.

A small “ok” is heard from Will. The crowd watches as Alana is the first to draw out a gift. She unwraps her gift giggling. Her face flushes even more as she removes a riding crop with a heart shaped leather pad at the end.There is a chorus of ooh and aahs heard.

“We know who that’s from don’t we?” the doctor lips murmurs close again to empath’s ear.He watches Will give a full body shiver delighted with the visual.

Next is Beverly who skips her way up to the bag. She selects her gift then tearing into it like a kid on Christmas morning. Her face lights up with delight as her cheeks glow with the revelation of the object within it. It’s a man’s g string, the front is a snowman with the carrot nose as the pouch. She twirls it around her fingering wagging her eyebrows as she laughs.

“Okay do you want to trade it?” Jimmy asks in glee.

“Oh hell yeah!.” she walks over flicking the g sting to Alana as she takes the crop giving it a swipe through the air. The room is full of clapping and cheers.

The next person is Margot whose gift turns out to be edible honey dusting powder. She smiles like a pleased cat looking at Alana before declining to trade the gift.

Zeller bounds up, he reaches into the bag. As soon as Will sees the gift wrapping paper, he laughs so hard he cries. Zeller glares in his direction.

“Did you bring this?”

Will just nods unable to breath as everyone joins in with Will's mirth because it is so contagious. He falls over with his curls grazing Hannibal’s lap as the profiler clutches his stomach. Hannibal places a hand in his curls stroking them knowing Will would not notice the affectionate touch. Zeller rolls his eyes before tearing the paper off the package. He stands staring at the item with a look that is a cross between befuddlement and wonder.

“Well Brian are you keeping the the *Xmas Tuggie*? The sock that warms your cock.” Jimmy giggles as he watches Brian, who looks at him incredulously. Then Zeller sets his mouth in a determined line.

“Yes. I think I will.”

Jimmy nods laughing. “Such a brave lad! Let’s give him a round of applause!”

Zeller bows to whistles and clapping. Jimmy has Brian hold the bag as he dives in for his gift. He unwraps a paddle with Naughty written across in script lettering. The elf places his hand to his chin in contemplation as he looks skyward. He goes to Alana exchanging for the g string, ignoring the wolf calls and laughter.

“I've got a lot to fill the carrot!” he triumphantly proclaims between bouts of laughter.

Will feels Hannibal gently push him. The empath finally sways up to standing and almost falls over his own feet getting to the bag.

“Had a little too much Graham?” jeers Zeller

“Your such as asshole but you have one redeeming quality, Zeller.”

“What’s that?”

“These fucking shots are awesome!” the empath raises his hands giving a thumbs up in Zeller’s direction. Brian gives a half shrug with a smirk on his face.

The empath lurches forward as he reaches into the bag.Will reaches in a pulls out his gift. Will pulls away the elegant gold foil wrapping paper and ornate bow to find a book called **The Merry Xxxmas Book of Erotic Stories**. Will opens it, eyebrows raised.

As he flips glancing through the pages, he looks up slurring just a bit.

“Where’s the pictures? “

This garners a renewed round of laughter.

“That’s what your imagination is for.” says Hannibal as he grabs the last gift tucked in the bottom of the bag.

“Fuck imagination. I want visuals.” grumbles the empath as he staggers back a couple of steps.

“Do you want to exchange it?” the elf asks catching Will by the elbow to steady him. Hannibal’s eyes flash.

“Nope.”

Will hiccups as he makes his way back to the couch.

Hannibal opens his gift to find a red teddy along with Santa pasties with a tuft of long cotton for beards, a mesh g string and marshmallow fluff. He looks around with a small smile, as Beverly informs him the fluff is to attach the pasties. Jimmy looks at Hannibal. He nods and takes his gift over to Will.

He takes the book adding the lingerie to Will’s empty hands. Will looks down at the lingerie, then back up at Hannibal with a confused alcoholic haze in his eyes. He looks back down at the gift..

“I am not sure it’s my size.” the empath gives a lopsided smile holding up the teddy.

“I think it will be beautiful with your skin coloring. Red is definitely your color. I bet the marshmallow cream would taste exquisite with your skin.” Hannibal whispers in Will’s ear. Goose bumps appear on the empath’s arms, as the hair on his neck rises. Will looks directly at Hannibal with mouth open from shock.

“Is that a Christmas wish?” he whispers back to Hannibal.

“Yes. It is.”

Hannibal is standing in front of the couch incredibly close. Will tilts to the side from a sudden onslaught of vertigo. The doctor grabs his arm helping him to stay upright.

“I think you need some water. Let me assist you.”

Will nods his head mutely still clutching the gift.Hannibal hoists the empath up and leading him to the kitchen. Hannibal opens, the swinging door attempting to keep the profiler vertical by holding on to him. They attempt to enter at the same time.They are temporary lodge in the door frame. Will giggles and Hannibal chuckles. As they try untangle themselves ,they hear someone yelling in their direction.

“Hey! you have to kiss now! You're under the mistletoe.” says Margot pointing to the top of the doorway.

There is a sprig of plastic mistletoe.The men look at each other, Will shrugs then pulls Hannibal’s face toward him. He plants a peck on Hannibal’s cheek.

“No..No..that’s not a kiss!” jeer Beverly and Alana in unison.

Will drunkenly waves them off continuing into the kitchen followed by Hannibal. Hannibal deposits the the profiler against the counter. He opens several cabinets until he finds glasses. The psychiatrist goes to the sink turning on the facet filling the glass. Will watches the

doctor's lean fingers hold the glass. Mesmerized by the long fingers as the water drops slide down the glass curling between them.

Will wonders what his hair would look between those fingers. The empath frowns shaking his head as though flinging the thought out of it. ‘Where did that come from?’ he wonders. Will looks up when Hannibal puts the glass to his lips.

“Drink.”

The profiler does not question why Hannibal insists on holding the glass for him. Hannibal’s eyes are black. He places the glass down on the counter where he has to reach behind Will. Hannibal leans against the counter, his arm is underneath the empath’s. He smiles looking down at Will.

Will looks up at Hannibal. He sighs, then with impulse born of want and intoxication, Will puts his hand on Hannibal’s face before following with his lips over the doctor’s. Hannibal hesitates to see what Will will do next. The empath pulls back looking a bit embarrassed.

“Sorry. I guess..I don’t know..It wasn’t a real kiss was it? Under the mistletoe.”

Hannibal grins and merely puts his hand on Will’s jaw drawing the man closer. He leans in capturing, Will’s lips in a proper kiss. The profiler opens his mouth letting Hannibal deepen the kiss. They pull away after a few moments.

“Now I think that was a real kiss, yes?” smirks Hannibal

Will swallows.

 “Yeah..I think you nailed it.”

His eyes flit away even though he is not disturbed by events that have taken place, strangely enough.

“Would you like to continue our...discussion tomorrow perhaps over dinner?” asks Hannibal.

“How about over breakfast?” grins Will.

Hannibal smiles “That would be perfect.”

Yes all these products are real things! The Santa pasties and g string where an actual gift given to me by an ex Mother in law. Yes Mother in Law. Needless to say, those were some interesting times.

Christmas Eve Fireworks

Chapter Notes

A consensual non sexual age play story where some of the character's play an age younger than their actual age. It's based on the Little!verse used by authors as telera,trr_r,Elle8, AnIslandcalledCalifornia.

Will sits mesmerized by the crackle, pop, and glow of the fire, as he takes a sip of whiskey from his tumbler. Well, Hannibal's crystal tumbler that he places softly on the side table. Hannibal and he had a late dinner. The case that Will has finally solved with the capture of the murderer of the week but it has left the profiler pensive. Hannibal walks in quietly heading over to the bar. The doctor pours himself a snifter of brandy.He looks at Will's profile noting the resolute frown on the empath's face.

Hannibal takes his seat waiting a moment before speaking.

"Are you alright Will."

"Hmmmm?"

"Are you alright?"

"Oh..yeah..I'm fine just tired I guess."

Will rubs his face displacing his glasses before setting them back again.

"You seem deep in thought."

"I was...remembering more than thinking about anything."

The profiler takes another sip of whiskey pulling lips back to teeth with the burn.

"What nostalgia has captured your attention this winter's eve?"

"Looking at the fire reminds me of Christmas time in New Orleans. We used to go to bonfire on the banks of the river or for a couple years we did the Réveillon after midnight. I've been thinking about how excited I was once at this time of year."

He smiles at the memory of the kid who was so excited he couldn't stop moving. The empath felt so grown up to participate in the Réveillon, the 2 am feast held after Christmas midnight mass, even though he often fell asleep before desert. Will smiles shaking his head.

Hannibal looks at Will as he imagines too, a curly hair boy tittering with nerves and excitement. The sparkle in his blue eyes and the color on his cheeks.The doctor places his hand on his chin rubbing it thoughtfully.

Every year, he shares the Lithuanian tradition of the Christmas feast with Little Will. Christmas morn is reserved for adult Will with adult pleasures. There is nothing like the excitement of a child on Christmas eve. An excitement coupled with joy, emotions that Hannibal encourages Will to indulge in because the profiler has too few of those moments in his life.

It has never occurred to Hannibal to look into the traditions Will may have experienced in New Orleans. The doctor supposes it's due to the fact, he and Little Will always have a Mardi Gras celebration each year. This year for Christmas maybe he would change things up a bit.

Two weeks Later

Little Will is so full excitement his limbs tremble with pent up energy. Tonight has finally come, it takes so long for Christmas eve to arrive. The boy gets to help his daddy with the Christmas eve feast. Sometimes Matty and Uncle Frederick comes over to celebrate as well. Will grabs Mr Bear before he barrels out of his room down the stairs to the kitchen.

“Will. You need to walk down the stairs. It wouldn’t do to have a tumble, would it?” daddy asks smiling at Will looking adorable in his Christmas sweater.

“Sorry Daddy! I forgot. I am just soooooo excited.” his boy says breathless climbing onto the bar stool.

“Daddy? Where is all the food? Don’t I get to help?” he asks puzzled by the clean surfaces of the counter.

By this time the counters are covered in food and food preparation.

“Well, this year we are going to do something different. So I need you to get your warmest coat, mittens and hat on.”

Will hesitates but then he goes toward the foyer to retrieve the items requested. The boy brings them as his daddy helps him into the coat.

“Can Mr Bear come as well?” Little Will asks in small high pitched voice as he holds Mr Bear up in front of his face.

“Of course my darling.” Hannibal says putting on his own coat and gloves.

They make their way out to the Bentley. Hannibal buckling his boy in the back seat. The doctor watches his boy on the way through the rear view mirror. He wonders how long it will be until Will recognizes where they are heading. Soon they are driving down Will’s driveway. Parked at the house is another car waiting for them.

Will looks out the window trying to see who is waiting.The boy smiles when he sees Matty waving at him. Uncle Frederick looks grumpy as ever. It makes Little Will giggle. Will

bounces with enthusiasm.

As soon as the car stops, he releases his seat belt. He bounds out of the car as Matty grabs him into a big hug.

“Hey Matty! What are we doing here?”

“I don’t know daddy said it was a surprise from Uncle Hannibal.”

Hannibal greets Frederick with a nod. The doctor smiles watching the boys talk and bounce with excitement.

“Okay boys are you ready for our Christmas eve festivities to begin?”

“Yes!” choruses both boys at the same time.

“Okay follow me.” Hannibal has a flashlight and so does Uncle Frederick, as they lead the boys into a field beside Will’s home. There stands several tall structure made out of logs in a pyramid. Will smiles feeling tears prickle his eyes.

They all stop before one of the pyramid. Matty and Will looking in wonder at the tall structures.

“Now we are going to have a…”

“Bonfire!” yells Will unable to contain himself.

The boy hops from foot to foot with his hands waving in the air.

“Yes darling, a bonfire. In New Orleans, Matty, one custom is having a bonfire on the banks of the river.”

“Daddy! Daddy… is there going to be fire works too! and gumbo!” Will asks as he bounces up and down from heel to toe then back again. The boy now notices the small camp fire set up with a steaming cast iron pot above it. There are chair place beside it, as well as, a cooler for drinks.

“Will.I know you're excited but settle before you explode.” Hannibal chides gently smiling at Will.The strokes his boy’s face. His thumbs swipes a stray tear away. Hannibal places a soft kiss on Will’s forehead.

Will squeaks putting his hand over his mouth trying to keep from speaking and exploding. His giggle continue. Matty tries helping by putting his hand over Will’s hand over the younger boy’s mouth, shushing the younger boy as he giggles along.

“Yes there will be fireworks and vegetarian gumbo. Now we need to observe safety rules. You can’t stand too close to the bonfires because you could get burned. There are fireworks going to shoot out from the bonfires. so we need to maintain a safe distance until they are done. Alright?”

Both boys nods enthusiastically hands still planted over Will's mouth. They follow Uncle Frederick to a safe distance holding onto each other waiting for Hannibal to light the fire.Will suddenly becomes concerned for his daddy's safety.He pushes Matty's hand off his mouth.

"Be careful Daddy!" The boy yells,

. Hannibal turns and nods his head smiling.

Hannibal lights the pyramids walking swiftly away as the pyramids are engulfed in flames. Matty and Will whoop and yell jumping up and down at the sight of the fire. Suddenly there is the whistle and bang as sparks pop out of the bonfire.Fireworks start bursting into the air quickly. Hannibal watches Will's face as he lights up with the sight of the fireworks. His hands cover his ears to dampen the noise.

The fireworks finally come to an end. Hannibal looks at Will who has a tears rolling down his cheek. The doctor takes Will in his arms stroking his hair.

"What's wrong my love?"

"Nothing..I..am..so happy Daddy! I love you so much. Thank you! " The boy says holding fast to his daddy.

Hannibal strokes his boy feeling the warmth of affection the has for him bloom in his chest.

"Daddy?"

"Yes precious?"

"Where are big Will's dogs?" the boy whispers to Hannibal.

"They are at a neighbors. I didn't want to take a chance of injury or them being frightened by the fireworks."

"Thanks." comes another whisper

"Who is ready for gumbo!?" Hannibal asks loudly.

"Me" is chorused as everyone heads to the camp fire.

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Later after gumbo and desert, Matty and Uncle Frederick say their goodbyes, Hannibal and Little Will pack up driving back to Baltimore. Once in the house, daddy makes hot chocolate while little Will puts on his new Christmas eve pajamas. They sit in front of the Christmas tree lit up with the all the house lights off. They sip hot chocolate while snuggling. Little Will yawns rubbing his eyes.

"Did you have fun tonight, darling?"

"Yes Daddy! Very much..thank you so much. You are the best daddy in the world."

Little Will yawns again.

“Looks like it is time for bed.”

Will makes a fussy sound pouting.

“Wanna stay up with you.”

“I know but we are expecting Santa Claus. He can’t come unless you are in bed asleep.”

“Okay. Daddy?”

“Yes.”

“I love you and Merry Christmas.”

“I love you too.”

What Do You Get for the Cannibal that Has Everything?

Will stands in the middle of the mall looking at the plethora of stories lined up on the top and bottom floors. He abruptly walks over to some fast food joint, located in the nearby food court, purchasing a sub par coffee, which he totes back to an empty table. The empath sighs heavily sitting down rubbing his forehead. He doesn't know what possessed him to venture out to a mall during the Christmas season. That's not entirely true, he knows what or whom actually has driven him to this insanity. Dr Hannibal Lecter.

The empath doesn't have a clue what to get the man. Will's old standby of liquor seems garish when it comes to Hannibal.Their tastes are so different besides it seems impersonal to give it to a good friend. Will doesn't know anything in the kitchen Hannibal needs or wants. The gourmand probably has it already.Book? Music? Will feels his insides clench, the more he thinks about a scenario of Hannibal handing over a wonderful gift while Will hands him trash topped with a bow.

One of the few advantages, that Will acknowledges, about being an empath with high intuition, he can usually guess what will make a person happy. This is a small saving grace for buying gifts that surprise and please people he hardly knows. It keeps some of the social niceties in check. For Will, it's a matter of actually giving a shit if he'll make the effort to actually go out and buy it. The internet has been an actual god send in that aspect but nothing online strikes Will as an appropriate gift for his friend.

'Maybe..no..or how about...nope...I could...not going to happen.' is the barge of conversation, the empath has been having with himself since he crossed the threshold into shopping hell.

Will spots a novelty shop tucked between two larger stores. It sells pop culture items as well as some adult items. The empath feels his face flush with the idea of buying something that personal for a friend.

But maybe, it may be a way to go in this case, he muses. It would certainly be unexpected. A sure surprise for a man who is seldom surprised. Will stares at the shop as he finishes his coffee.

'Well if I am going to do this thing...Let's do it right.' he smirks as he gets up throwing his cup into a nearby garbage can. Will heads out the door to his car driving to a real sex shop.

Will enters the shop looking around. The store clerk greets him briefly looking up from the book she is reading. She immediately returns to it after the obligatory greeting. Will nods walks around the front where various and sundry clothing is displayed. The real toys are in the back behind the door. Will walks over opening the door entering into the Twilight Zone. The empath can hear the announcer's voice with the theme music of the show in the background.

"Will Graham is looking for a Christmas gift for his psychiatrist friend at a sex shop, when he enters into a dimension that unsettles him more than a mutilated corpse left by the Ripper. He has entered the Twilight Sex Zone."

Will slaps his forehead to snap out of it. They are both adults. This is for fun. A joke. Nothing more. Will spots something and smiles.

A week later.

Will sits in the chair across from Hannibal. Christmas is two days away, this is their last session before the holiday. The empath has the gift tucked into his messenger bag. He feels anxious and nervous about this encounter. The empath hopes Hannibal will laugh off the gift. Will cringes when he thinks about the man being insulted.The time for second guessing has passed. He's committed now.

"Have you any plans for Christmas eve or Christmas, Will?"

"Not really. Bev invited me over for Christmas evening for dinner. I plan to hang out with the dogs and have a liquid celebration."

"Sounds isolated during a time for friends and family. I wanted to extend the invitation to you to join me for Christmas eve dinner. In Lithuanian, the feast before Christmas is meatless and actually the biggest. Only Alana, Jack and Bella are coming. It would be a small gathering so you wouldn't have to socialize that much." the psychiatrist smiles

"Um..sure. But.."

"But what?"

"You may not want me to come over after you open my gift?"

"Why is that?" Hannibal looks genuinely perplexed.

Will retrieves his messenger bag to get the gift. The empath nervously laughs and smiles taking the slender box out.

"I wasn't sure what to get the friend that has everything. So..I went with...different." Will hands the box over to Hannibal.

"You know this wasn't necessary, correct?"

"Yes I know but it's rare I give gifts. I wanted to."

"Well I feel privileged. Thank you,William. I have something for you as well."

Hannibal gets up walking over to his desk. The psychiatrist unlocks a drawer pulling out a package wrapped in festive paper with a bow. He hands it to Will who smiles saying thank you.

"You go first." Will motions with his hand.

"How about we do it together?"

Will nods. Both men unwrap their respective gifts. Will pulls out a black t shirt that has a fisherman graphic on it with writing that says

Fishing is like Sex: It's all about how you swing the pole.

Will stares for a moment and then barks out a laugh. The empath smiles looking at Hannibal as the doctor looks over his gift. The long object is made with purple silicon bulbous at both ends with silver metal up the sides. Hannibal looks at Will mouth curving slightly at ends eyebrows raised.

"I thought you'd like to add a piece of modern sculpture to your art collection." Will teases. His blue eyes dance with mischievousness.

Hannibal looks at the object in his hand and then looks back at the empath.

"Will. It's a vibrator." the doctor states in all seriousness.

A big belly laugh rolls out of Will as he bends at the waist. The empath slaps his knee looking back up at Hannibal.

"Are you sure that's not art Doctor?"

Will snickers wiping his hand over his mouth.

"Will"

Hannibal gives him an irritated but amused look.

"I know it's a vibrator, Dr Lecter. It reminds me of modern art. The design of it. I couldn't figure out what to give the man that has everything, so I went with something off color. I hope you're not offended." Will says.

His chuckling subsides. Hannibal gives a toothy smile.

"Not at all. I had the same problem with you. So I decided on something novel as well. Besides, I don't believe I have this one in my collection."

"Well...good..I guess...happy to help you out."

Will isn't sure if the man is serious or not. His eyes shift everywhere but Hannibal's face. Somethings are better left investigated..for now.

"Thank you for mine. I like it. Maybe I'll wear it Christmas eve to dinner. If I am still invited."

"You certainly are invited and expected. Merry Christmas, Will."

"Merry Christmas, Dr Lecter."

The Reindeer Man

Chapter Notes

child!Will and wendigo!Hannibal

They met right before Thanksgiving. Will, a precious boy with chocolate curls and doe blue eyes, was playing in the woods near his home. The small boy, who was six, had a small sailboat his father made for him. Will often played with it at the edge of the lake nearby, despite his father's chastisements that he should not be playing so far away from home.

Hannibal,a wendigo, was stalking hunters for a Thanksgiving feast. At first the wendigo watched the boy playing by the water. He considered killing the boy but decided he had enough meat for the time being.

When he stepped to the side, trying to slip behind a tree, he snapped some branches with his rack of antlers. Hannibal froze in place as the boy, who turned around to look for the source of the noise, froze as well.

Will saw a man with black skin milky white eyes and head with antlers looking back at him. To the wendigo's surprise the boy didn't scream or run. The boy stood up tilting his head to the side in contemplation.Will's eyes drifted up the wendigo finally landing on his antlers. The boy asks if Hannibal is a reindeer man. The wendigo takes a moment thinking about his reply. The wendigo barely smiles not to frighten the boy with his huge razor teeth, saying he is in fact a reindeer man.

The boy plucks his sailboat out of the water. The wendigo still watching the boy remains still. Will asks the wendigo's name. He replies Hannibal. The boy shoves a hand into his coat as he holds his toy close. Will scrunches his nose saying he hadn't heard of a Hannibal pulling Santa's sleigh.

This seems so innocent and endearing to the wendigo. The reindeer man chuckles telling Will, when he was in full reindeer form he was a alternate in case one of the main reindeer's was sick.The wendigo asks for the boy's name. The boy says Will.

Will asks what the reindeer man was doing in the woods. Hannibal cocks his head barely smiling telling Will, he was looking for new route to good boys and girls homes. He asks if Will could keep this a secret. Will agrees by nodding his head until his small glasses fall toward the tip of his red nose.He pushes them back up his nose. His expression is serious.

The boy turns to leave when he stops. Will looks at Hannibal, he tells the wendigo that he will come back to visit the reindeer man because he knew Hannibal was lonely. Hannibal is

taken aback about the accurate comment. He says he would like that. Will turns to head back home giving his new friend a small wave.

Hannibal had no intention of returning to the woods but something about the boy intrigued him. So almost everyday, he and Will talk as they explore the woods. The wendigo found his compassion and fondness for the boy to be inconvenient. Hannibal felt bereft if he didn't see Will that day. Will felt adrift when he did not see Hannibal for a day.

On Christmas eve day, Will goes to meet Hannibal. The boy has a poorly wrapped present for his friend. His only friend because of the boy's shyness and timidity.Hannibal is waiting for him. The reindeer man smiles when he sees Will.

"Hi! Hannibal! I have a Christmas gift for you."

The boy says holding out a gift for the wendigo.

"Thank you William."

Hannibal takes the package carefully so his talons will not hurt the boy accidentally. He opens it to find a long garish scarf in Christmas colors as well as a fly fishing lure with bright feathers. The reindeer man looks at the boy who is smiling nervously at him. He speaks in a excited voice.

"I thought the scarf would keep you warm at the North Pole. I..I..made the lure myself. It's my favorite. Maybe in the spring I can teach you to fish."

Hannibal smiles as he touches Will's curls. He tousles them enjoying the softness of them.

"I would like that very much. I love my gifts. Thank you William. I have something for you as well."

Hannibal hands Will a package wrapped beautifully with a huge bow. The boy flushes with excitement. He tentatively takes the gift. Will rips open the package with enthusiasm. Hannibal enjoys watching the boy smile as he opens his gift. Inside is small realistic looking stuffed dog. The dog has a collar that says "Winston". The boy closes his eyes clasping the animal in an embrace.

"Oh Thank you Hannibal! I love him!" Will says.

The wendigo is surprised when Will suddenly embraces him. Hannibal carefully puts arms around the boy. He smiles. The boy pulls back smiling at Hannibal.

"I have to go now. Merry Christmas, Hannibal!"

"Merry Christmas, Will. I hope to see after Christmas."

"You will, I promise!"

The boys give the wendigo a farewell hug before he runs back home with Winston tucked under his arm. Hannibal smirks as he decides that Will should come with him in the New

Year. The wendigo needs a plan of action. He winds the scarf around his neck. Hannibal holds the lure looking at it as he walks back toward home.

End Notes

All the products that are mentioned are really out there. :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!